Rich, Oh Villaines, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawne on any man;
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre,
Vpon their spotted soules for this Offence.
Scroope, Sweet love (I see) changing his property,
Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:
Againe uncurse their soules: their peace is made
With Heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Bushy*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead
Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man speake:
Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our Paper, and with Rainy Eyes
Write sorrow in the bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small modell of the barren Earth,
Which serves as paste, and cover to our bones:
For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some have beene depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As

As if this Flesh, which walls al
VVere Brasse impregnable: and
Comes at the last, and with a lit
Boares through his Castle VVal
Cover your heads, and mocke no
VVith solemne Reverence: throw
Tradition, forme, and Ceremo
For you have but mistooke me a
I live with bread like you, feel
Taste Griefe, need Friends: su
How can you say to me, I am a
Carl. My Lord; wise men ne're
But presently prevent the wayes
To feare the Foe, since feare opp
Gives in your weakenesse, streng
Feare, and be slaine, no worse ca
And fight and die, is death dest
VVhere fearing dying, payes de
Aum. My Father hath a Pow
And learne to make a Body of a
Rich. Thou chid'st me well: pro
To change blowes with thee, fo
This Ague-fit of feare is over-b
An easie taske it is to win our
Say *Scroope*, where lies our Vnc
Speake sweetly man, although t
Scroope. Men iudge by the cor
The state and inclination of the
So may you by my dull and he
My tongue hath but a heavier T
I play the torturer, by small and
To lengthen out the worst, that
Your Vncle *Yorke* is joyn'd wit
And all your Northerne Castles
And all your southerne Gentle
Vpon his Faction.
Rich. Thou hast sayd enough.
Beshrew thee Cosin, which did

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)